



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

topography of the island, and the other what he quaintly and absurdly called a vaticinal history of its conquest.—The Welchman—though learned according to the lore of his time—was certainly very unfit to give a correct history or honest description of Ireland; because he was a person of inordinate vanity, extremely credulous in adopting the information of others, and very dishonest in wresting that information to serve his own preconceived views and theories; ever willing to sacrifice truth to produce effect, and delighting in a style full of quibbles and jingling conceits. The extent of his vanity may be measured by the display he made at Oxford, on his return from Ireland: where he not only entertained the whole University by reading for three days successively, his topography of Ireland, but also by feasting for the same period, the doctors, the scholars and the townsmen, who were perhaps as much pleased with his English cheer, as with his Irish wonders. These absurd writings of Gerald Barry, where truth is sacrificed to rhetorical flourishes, but which are at the same time extremely interesting as the first works written by a foreigner expressly on Ireland, naturally called forth the indignant reprehension of sundry natives of Ireland. Philip O'Sullivan, author of that very prejudiced but elegant piece of Latinity, the *Catholic history of Ireland*, took *Cambrensis* to task, and lashed him in a work called *Zoilomastix*.—Stephen White, a Jesuit, also took up his pen, and in a historical treatise, refuted the fables and gross misrepresentations of the Welchman. But with far more effect, and with infinitely greater learning and research, Archdeacon Lynch, during his banishment from his native land, defended the honor of his country, and has not only refuted Barry, but has given one of the most rational and ample accounts of the ancient state of Ireland, as to its civilization, government, and literature, that exists. It has been said of Lynch, that the prior work of the Jesuit White was in his hands, but so imperfect as to be unfit for the press, and that Lynch only enlarged on it and then adopted it as his own. This insinuation cannot now be substantiated; but it certainly is not in accordance with the upright character of our author, and perhaps it has been urged against him in revenge for the similar charge which he had brought against *Cambrensis* of having possessed himself of, and then destroyed, many of the ancient Annals of Ireland.—Lynch published his great work, the *Cambrensis Eversus*, under the feigned name of Gratianus Lucius. It is like the *Alinithologia*, extremely rare, and its rarity is accounted for, by its being printed in London though written at St Maloes; and immediately after the impression was struck off, the fire in London took place, and the greater part of it was consumed; a copy now very seldom comes to sale, and when it does, brings a price of from £30 to £40. In the year 1795, Mr. Theophilus O'Flanagan commenced a translation, in which he proceeded no further than the epistle dedicatory, and the two first chapters, and there, for want of encouragement, the attempt came to a close. It certainly is to be regretted, that a faithful translation has not been given of this work, which though not exactly a history of Ireland, contains an immense mass of information concerning the antiquities, learning, and the arts of the ancient Irish. If it ever should be translated, it is to be hoped, that the person attempting it, will altogether abstain from modern political remarks and angry annotations. Perhaps O'Flanagan's book failed of encouragement in consequence of his indulging in observations which marked him out as a party man. Lynch, besides the works already quoted, wrote the following: A letter to Monsieur Boileau, proving that the Scoti who first taught in the Universities of Paris and Oxford were Irish and not Albanian Scots. This, in fact, was but an enlargement of the 17th chapter of his *Cambrensis Eversus*. Bishop Nicholson in his *Irish Historical Library*, says he saw in MS. a work of Lynch's entitled—"A Collection of Choice Flowers, gathered out of several of the most authentic annals of the kingdom, beginning at the year 1200, and continued to 1513, inclusive." Nicholson remarks, concerning this treatise, that the collector was a person of such accuracy and skill, and niceness of taste in the histories of Ireland, that the reader may rest assured that his statements are correct, and that no matter of great moment has escaped his notice. Where is this manuscript

now deposited? Nicholson says that a Mr. John Conry was in possession of it and others when he compiled his *Historical Library*.

The only other work mentioned of Lynch's, is the life and death of D. F. Kirwan, Bishop of Killala; this was printed at St. Maloes, in the year 1669, and is equally scarce with his other works. A copy of it was in Marsh's library; but it, together with many other scarce and valuable works, was stolen out of it some years ago.

After remaining some years abroad, until Cromwell's tyranny was overpast, and until the severe laws against the Roman Catholics were relaxed by Charles the Second, the venerable Lynch returned to his native land; and as a just reward for his piety, patriotism, and learning, was nominated to the See of Killala.

We can only add, that he was an intimate friend and correspondent of Roderick O'Flaherty, author of the *Ogygia*, and of the celebrated Dudley M'Firbis, the last of the hereditary antiquaries of Lecan, who furnished him with much important historic matter from the writings of his ancestors, which latter circumstance proves the genuineness of the sources whence he had derived his historic information, and adds great importance to his works. It is to be lamented that so little is really known of such an excellent man. Perhaps amongst his own family, in Connaught, there may exist memorials and traditional anecdotes of him, which, this short and imperfect notice may tend to elicit—perhaps his relation, Sir Francis Lynch Blosse, may have materials for a fuller and more satisfactory life of one who does so much credit to his name; if so, it is to be hoped, that as there is no one more able, he will be equally willing to give his information to the public, and satisfy it respecting one, whom both Protestants and Roman Catholics are entitled to regard. It is said that the house in which Lynch taught humanity is still standing in Galway. If so, what a subject it would be for a wood cut.

R. Y.

STANZAS.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

O sweet wild Breeze—O fairy Breeze,
I've watched thee on thy way,
O'er gay green lawns and blossomed trees
At prime of merry May.
Beneath thy kiss, where primrose banks
Their breathing fragrance shed,
And lilies bowed their virgin ranks
To greet thy playful tread:
Where harebell blue, and clustering star
Of cowslip, paly bright,
And yellow kingcup, danced afar
Their morris of delight.
I've watched thy rustling wing across
The glen's green thicket sweep,
Where mountain oaks exulting toss
Their rude arms on the steep.
I've watched for thee, the twilight still
Of tall aerial trees,
And hearing, felt thy whisper thrill,
O low mysterious Breeze!
And as thy light breath, fitfully,
Disturbed my clustering hair,
With startled eye I've looked for thee,
Wild spirit of the air!
I've walked with thee, wild Breeze, along
The winding path of hills,
And heard thee in the low sweet song
Of birds and rushy rills.
With light gold mist, I've seen thee plow
The dark-blue fields of sky,
Where but the blithest lark and thou
Could meet in heaven so high.
I've watched thee on the ocean floor,
The sunned and shadowy sea—
And wished for wings to leave the shore
All fetterless like thee.
It was for this, O fleet of wing,
My heart to thee was given,
Because thou art the wildest thing
And freest under heaven.

J. U.U.